

INN OF GAHNOBWAY

UC-NRLF



B 3 345 896

TOLKIEN

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA







J.R.R. Tolkien

**The Inn of
Gahnobway**

**By J. Kenneth
Tolkien ✎ ✎ ✎**

Printed for the Pub-
lisher by the Benallack
Litho. & Print. Co'y,
8, 10 & 12 Latour St.,
Montreal ✎ ANNO
DOMINI MCMIII ✎



959
T 6497
inn

Publisher's Letter.

I am now very old, my real person, perhaps, being known by few, but known to many as the "Mysterious Traveller."

Many years ago when rambling about the country, I came across these manuscripts in a hollow rock on Mount Royal, while occupied in analyzing the chemical nature of the stone.

I read the letters and placed them in my safe keeping. I gave up my former experiments and started out with a new purpose to find Gahnobway and relative places mentioned. Year after year passed, and still my travels continued, first, to the northward; then, to the westward; and hither and thither, but all in vain. I conversed

with the redman of both forest and prairie, and pedlars of many nationalities, who continually pass over Canadian highways; but without success.

Whether Gahnobway and relative villages have passed into oblivion or been swallowed by some monstrous earthquake, or not, is a problem hard to solve. And now when I feel the Octopus of Age closing its tentacles around me, these manuscripts, that I have held for so many years, I deliver to the printers for publication; but I will continue, for the rest of my life, the search for those obscure places, and solicit the earnest prayers of the world at large for my success.

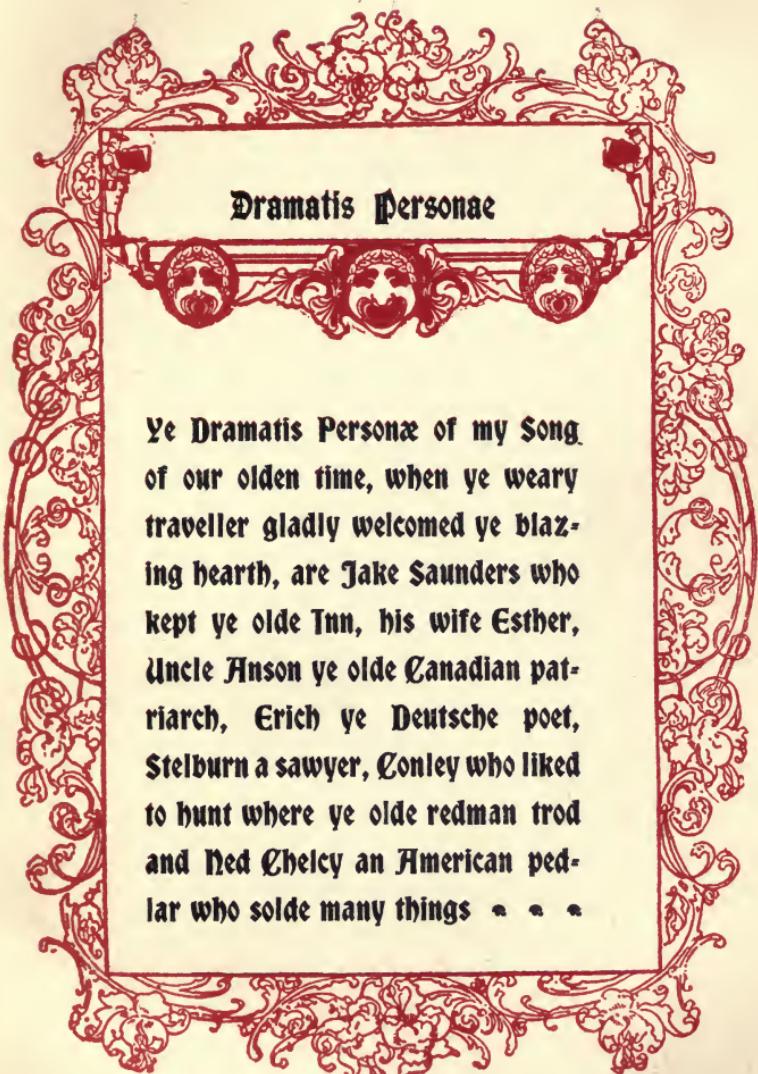
I remain,

Yours very truly,

The "MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER."







Dramatis Personæ

Ye Dramatis Personæ of my Song
of our olden time, when ye weary
traveller gladly welcomed ye blaz-
ing hearth, are Jake Saunders who
kept ye olde Inn, his wife Esther,
Uncle Anson ye olde Canadian pat-
riarch, Erich ye Deutsche poet,
Stelburn a sawyer, Conley who liked
to hunt where ye olde redman trod
and Ned Chelcy an American ped-
lar who solde many things . . .



Contents

	PAGE
CHAPTER I —THE ROAD TO GAHNOB-	
WAY.....	17
“ II —GAHNOBWAY.....	19
“ III —THE TRAVELLERS	22
“ IV—THE INN KEEPER.....	24
“ V —THE PIPES ARE LIT.....	29
NED CHELCY.....	31
BEN STELBURN.....	34
BILL CONLEY	37
ERICH HERZ	40
INTERIM I —Erich sings—Who knocks?	43
UNCLE ANSON	47
“ II —Anson's First Tale.....	51
THE BENIGHTED WOMAN.....	61
“ III—Anson's Second Tale	71
THE VETERAN FARMER.....	79
“ IV—Baby—Anson's Third Tale,	94
THE "HERMIT"	108
“ V —Anson Sings.....	125
FLORENCE.....	134
CHAP. VI —Anson's Farewell Speech —“Good-morning All”.....	145



**THE INN OF
GAHNOBWAY**



CHAPTER I.

THE ROAD TO GAHNOBWAY.

A long, hoof-trodden road—a
lonesome road,
Where here and there would
spring a small abode
To catch the glance of some
way-farer's eye,
Ere quite the sun had left the
western sky.

Full well it might be termed a
dismal way ;
For, through a forest dense of
pine it lay
Nigh fifty years ago, or there-
about,
Before the axe had found its
presence out.

CHAPTER II.

GAHNOBWAY.

Upon a spacy clearing of the
wood,

The little village of Gahnobway
stood—

A cosy-looking ville of common
ways,

Peculiar to those Pioneer days.

An old log school-house rested
on the hill,

Some eighty paces from the
planing mill,

Near which the little river made
its course,
To work the wheel, supply the
cow and horse.
But, best of all—now boys of
books and dreams,
You cranks and maniacs of all
extremes,
You preachers, students, politi-
cians, all,
Think honestly of what your
minds would call
A perfect rendezvous, and you'll
agree
This village inn was with all
certainty.
It was no loafer's roost, nor
drunkard's bar ;
Unlike the taverns of these days,
by far—

A home of intellects, a meeting
place,
Where welcome reached to men
of any race.
It nestled just beyond a gloomy
bend,
And nightly shone a lantern to
extend
An invitation to the coach, and
hail
With eagerness, the coming of
the mail.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAVELLERS.

'Twas fifty years ago (as said
before)

When immigrants were flocking,
by the score,

In this good land of ours, to earn
their bread,

And find a pillow for an honest
head.

Some chopped the cedars of the
eastern shores ;

Some thanked the country for
their harvest stores ;

While others of a roving turn of
mind,
Would face the mistles of the
winter wind,
To seek the wayside thresholds'
quietude,
Free from the boist'rous rabble
and the rude,
Where tongues of fire reflected
their delight,
And conversation wore away
the night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INN KEEPER.

Ye—s—summertime and all its
charms had gone ;
The curtain of November had
been drawn ;
The candles flickered through
the window panes,
And from the cottages came
joyous strains
To tempt the toilers from the
autumn blast,
And join the children at the
night's repast.

Jake Saunders slapped his knee
with keen delight,
And hastened to arrange the old
room right,
That had through summer been
quite closed, unused,
And suffered dust to see the
place abused.
He called his wife to tidy up
a bit,
And place the mats, and get new
candles lit ;
He dusted all the frames upon
the wall,
And corners, where the eyes
were sure to fall ;
And, like 'the barley on a neigh-
boring farm,
The cobwebs fell beneath Jake's
sturdy arm.

He set old books upon the
mantle-shelf,
That had been prized by all, as
by himself ;
And, after all looked pleasing to
the eye,
He fetched some logs of maple,
old and dry,
To welcome round the hearth,
the men at e'en,
Like some great lord within his
grand demesne.
He laughed aloud, and then he
laughed again,
For well he liked the gathering
of men ;
And, striking from his flint a
spark or two,
He lit the pile, then in a circle
drew

The chairs around, to form a
palisade

Against all cares the outer world
had made.

At last he sat him down upon a
chair,

To watch the sparks afloat
on the air,

And whistled to his wife a tune
of old,

With variations sweet and mani-
fold.

“ Ha ! Ha ! ” he laughed, ‘ the
boys will soon be here,

And we’re prepared to give ’em
hearty cheer;

I saw old Stelburn at the mill to-
day—

He’s comin’ up to hear what
all will say,

And Chelcy, he'll be back from
Winderpower

In just an hour from now—no,
half an hour—

My eye! how time can hop
along—I thought

'Twas only half-past seven, but,
it's not

Much less 'an eight o'clock—I'll
be about,

To get the glasses and the wine,
without,

And, Esther, you will get the
tots to bed,

And stamp my kisses on each
little head."

CHAPTER V.

THE PIPES ARE LIT.

Unsteady tallow-lights, the shadowed door,
The rats at "hide and seek"
beneath the floor,
A dreary window, its divided cloak,
A glowing coal, a streaky cloud
of smoke,
The ring of glasses, and a word
or two,
A greeting, "How'd you pass
the summer through?"

A mellow murmur, and a little
wit,

Too well confirm to us "the
pipes are lit."

NED CHELCY.

Ned Chelcy has arrived with
spirits high,
And passed his good opinion on
the sky ;
He has, already, told about his
trip
Far up the country road, without
a slip,
Or contradiction, or a sudden
stop—
For, at good yarns, Ned always
was on top.

He was a pedlar of fine silks
and thread,
Rich laces, velvets, of dark blue
and red,
Deep green and purple, nearly
every shade
That factories of finery ever
made.

He was a Yankee from the
State of Maine,
Of medium build, dressed nobby,
neat and plain,
Fistidious in the combing of his
hair,
Low collars were the only kind
he'd wear ;

His boots were always shined
and laced just so,

No matter where his work called
him to go ;

He liked his ease when nought
was on his mind,

When he could talk of days
he'd left behind,

Adventures he had had, and
“sights” he'd seen,

Since he was but a lad of
seventeen.

BEN STELBURN.

Old Stelburn, too, has come
down from the mill ;
A sawyer, he, with great me-
chanic skill,
A man well up in years, but,
still as young
As though his long-passed youth
was yet unsung.
In business few around could
teach him aught,
For, after leaving school, himself
he'd taught ;

He knew hard fractions, compound interest and
Brain-puzzling problems none could understand,
Save Chelcy, and the master at the school,
Who worked at figures by a modern rule.
The cottagers and farmers liked him well,
For reasons they, themselves, could hardly tell,
He liked to see the children play around
His mill, or in the little school-house ground.
He knew good stories for both young and old,
Which, in the village, he had often told ;

And that's the reason he has
come to-night,
To sit within, where songs and
tales invite.

BILL CONLEY.

The hunter Conley has returned
with pride,
With well-filled bag and rabbits
at his side,
Which he, when next old Sol
has shown his face,
Will hang within the grocer's
market-place.
No one had e'er expected him
so soon
As the first quarter of Novem-
ber's moon.

A "rough-and-ready" man was
Bill at best,
Who'd give and take a joke or
flighty jest.
He knew the tracks of caribou
and moose,
He knew the signals for the
redmen's use,
Their traps, their ways of fol-
lowing a trail
By day or night, in quiet or
in gale.
He liked to steal away in forest
wild,
That once on Indian warriors
had smiled
With game abundant and good
fighting space,
And shelter from a large oppos-
ing race.

He liked the redman for his
nature odd ;
Who did, like him, not care to
plough the sod ;
But, rather take what was
already there,
Without unneeded work and
extra care.
In old Gahnobway he had
always staid,
While tempest voiced the win-
ter's serenade.

ERICH HERZ†

The German poet, Erich Herz,
has come,
Bright, philosophical and humor-
some,
A smiling little man, quite young
in years,
With curls of silver hair about
his ears.
Within his father's farmhouse,
up the stream,
Was where he mostly spent his
time of dream ;

†Herz is the German for heart, and should
be pronounced as Hartz.

For, there he had his den of
many books,
That mirrored ages in their
ragged looks ;
True, constant use had worn
their clothing out,
And many of their pages put to
rout.
Great masters he had lined up on
his shelf,
To answer things he didn't
know himself,
In Latin, English and his native
text,
O'er which he'd often bent and
been perplexed.
All folks around thought his
opinion good,
And gathered round him every
time they could,

To hear the words he breathed
with lowered voice,
That soothed their souls, and
made their hearts rejoice.
His meaning eye well empha-
sized his speech,
And planted firm each lesson
he would teach ;
And, as he listens to the maple
crack
On Saunders' hearth, and smokes
the winter back,
A pleasant smile upon it he
bestows,
And sings the boys a little song
he knows ;—

INTERIM I.

Irich sings—Who knocks?

“ O, winds of winter, blow,
Ye heralds of the snow ;
 But what care we?
From yonder prairie vast,
From thy nor'-wester blast,
 Our hearts are free.

O, winds of winter, blow,
Thy breath is keen we know ;
 But hold thy might
That dooms the hermit's door,
Or trav'lers on the moor
 Or mountain height.

O, winds —

'Hush ! there's a rap, a feeble,
ancient rap—

Did you not hear it ? like the
gentle tap

Of some departed one we used
to know,

Recalling visits of the long ago.''

While Erich yet was speaking,
in there peered

A kind old face with long and
hoary beard ;

For, Saunders, who had answered
to his call,

Had bade him enter from the
dusky hall,

And join their fellowship with
words and song,

And tell how he had chanced
to pass along.

He entered, paused, and met
their friendly eyes
That welcomed him with glad-
ness and surprise ;
Then, up spake Erich with
extended hand,
“ ‘Tis Uncle Anson from the
northern land—
Sit down, good father, Jake
brings you some wine
To drink with us that health be
ours and thine.”
He took the glass and made a
little speech
With wishes for prosperity of
each,
All through their earthly lives,
and then wished he
An endless peace throughout
Eternity.

Young Erich clapped ; old Stel-
burn said, " Hear ! hear ! "

Ned Chelcy stretched his mouth
from ear to ear ;

Bill Conley knocked the ashes
from his pipe ;

Then drew a broad red hand-
kerchief to wipe

The perspiration from his honest
brow,

And cooly said, " Them's good
words we'll allow."

UNCLE ANSON.

A grand Canadian patriarch
was he ;
The oldest known from Kingston
to the sea ;
He knew the history of our own
clime,
From early days down to the
present time ;
And it was whispered through
the villes, around,
He was a prophet and that he
had found

Out many signs and secrets of
the stars

And planets, and of Mercury
and Mars.

Good qualities he had and bad
ones too—

For, human nature is the same
all through—

There never lived a man on earth
who had

Not in his nature points both
good and bad.

He understood the language of
the trees

And flowers, and their many
mysteries ;

And often he would talk, around
the cots,

About the goblins, to the little
tots,

And there enjoy the question
and the laugh
And "Huway up an' tell t'udder
half,"
And other things he told to older
folk,
That he thought true and others
deemed a joke—
The many marvelous, hair's-
breadth escapes
He had, along with all his boyish
scrapes.
It was believed by all he did
relate
These tales to boys at quite an
early date,
For theirs and his amusement,
and had placed
Himself as hero, and, as quickly
raced

The roll of years he really
thought all true,
And spoke with clearest con-
science what he knew.
But, owing to his age, he would
forget
And contradict himself quite
often, yet,
He always found the words to
set him free
From cross-examination ; he'd
agree,
That, over-rating words nigh
always lend
A chance for doubts of stories in
the end.

INTERIM II.

Anson's First Tale.

Chelcy.—Well, boys, I guess the demonstration's done ;

Come, let us now continue with the fun.

Ah! yes, let's see—you haven't told us how

You spent the past year,
Uncle ; tell us now.

Anson.—I hardly know as there is much to tell,

Excepting that my health kept fairly well ;

And Aunt Maria finished up
the quilt ;
And that the barn Jim started,
now is built—
That calls to mind a little
incident
That once occurred to me,
when I was sent
Long, long ago, to help to
build a shed
For farmer Wilkes (the old
man now is dead).
Well—off I went at quite an
early hour,
To give me time to take my
morning tour ;
For, I was fond of nature in
my youth,
Because, in it I saw the source
of truth.

I reached Wilkes' farm in due
time to begin

To dig the holes to put the
scantlin's in ;

All went on well ; the shed
was quickly made ;

And, after that, the cedar
floor we laid—

Erich.—And did you make it
all within a day ?

Anson.—Why yes, my boy, just
thirteen farm-hands—yea—

Full fifteen (for 'twas harvest
time, you know),

All did their share, and that
was years ago,

When we were young and
hardy, and could stand

A little extra labor of the
hand.

So—when the shed was fin-
ished, home we went,
Quite tickled at our great
accomplishment.
I had just reached my father's
cattle-lane,
When thunder sounded the
approach of rain.
All through that night the
lightning leapt the sky ;
And, in the floods I heard a
robin cry—
Erich.—A robin out in such a
night as then ?
Come, Uncle, stop a while
and think again.
Anson.—Well—if it weren't a
robin, 'twas a bird,
Or hawk that, I am sure, I'd
often heard.

Just then I went to sleep and
didn't know

A thing, until I heard the
rooster crow ;

All signs of storm had gone ;
'twas bright and fine ;

I started out with hooks and
fishing-line —

Conley.—Now, Unc', come, I
ben waitin' here some time

Ter ketchi yer point ; but,
blame me head, if I'm

Exac'ly bright enough t' un-
derstand :

Ye started off by diggin' up
the land ;

The nixt I heared wuz that
ye built a shed,

An' 'en it rained around an'
overhead ;

Ye fell asleep an' heared a
robin cry,

Or sunthin' that went flyin'
through the sky ;

An' now ye're goin' off ter
ketch some fish,

An' think we'll be the suckers
fer yer dish.

Anson.—Be patient, man, the
end is coming now ;

Some side-notes in my tale
you must allow.

As I have said before, I
started out

To get a nibble from the bass
or trout ;

I had to pass Wilkes' farm, to
reach the brook ;

And, as I passed, I chanced
to take a look

Up at the shed we built the
day before ;

And there I stood, dumb-
founded to the core ;

The cedar that we used, had
proven green,

And through that awful rain-
storm it had been ;

And it had taken root and
grown, in height,

Ten feet, as true as I sit here
to-night.

!!!! A gasp for breath ! a sigh !
and all was still ;

Bill Conley really looked ex-
tremely ill ;

Ned Chelcy grew quite restless
sitting there,

And roused up Stelburn, who
slept in his chair ;

('Twas true he had been sleep-
ing all the time

That Anson was a-telling of his
prime.)

The poet tried his best to hold
belief

In Anson's tale to give his mind
relief,

And only said, "That truth was
surely strange,"

And he'd prefer some fiction for
a change.

Jake Saunders thought it quite
a proper thing

To pass the wine and hear
somebody sing.

So, voluntarily, Ned cleared his
throat

To give to all a pleasing vocal
note:—

THE GALLOPING HORSE.

“ My galloper galloped me over
the mead ;
There never was galloper like
my steed :
O'er hills and in valleys, on
mountain and crag,
When “ flying ” the bandit or
hunting the stag,
 Away we would fly,
 My noble and I ;
 No stone in the way,
 Would induce him to stay;
 My right noble galloping,
 galloping grey.”

*Chelcy continues (after a slight
glance at Anson).—*

If you'll have no objections,
boys, I'll tell

A little tale that I remember
well.

It happened just a few short
years ago,

Up on the main road that you
surely know.

A chorus of acquiescence, etc.

THE BENIGHTED WOMAN.

“ As near as I can rightly call to
mind,
The Indian town, Lah-Möh, I'd
left behind ;
The night was fast approaching
—dark, indeed,
And weary were the haunches of
my steed ;
But, comforting, I bade him
hurry on,
To reach our resting-post at
Binnington.

That day had been a busy day
for me—

The best in all my pedling his-
tory ;

My purse was filled, my mer-
chandise was sold—

All that my straps and canvas
bags would hold.

My noble grey was trotting
steadily,

With ears thrown back to hear
me readily ;

And as I hummed a tune to ease
my nerves,

He guided me around the broken
curves.

The rain began to fall, quite
chill and raw ;

A night of nasty weather I
foresaw.

I buttoned coat and turned my
collar high,
Pulled down my hat rim to pro-
tect the eye,
Then wrapped a woollen blanket
round my waist
And legs quite cosy, after which
I faced
The coming storm with all the
courage due,
But wished that Binnington
would pop in view.
On came the rain, and blacker
grew the night,
When, just ahead, a figure
caught my sight ;
I looked more closely—not quite
certain yet—
It couldn't be a woman in the
wet ;

It couldn't be a man so far
away ;

Nor could it be a child who'd
gone astray ;

But as I came upon it, in the
dark,

It moved ; I thought it best to
make remark.

So—leaning o'er my seat, I cried,
“Hello !

Benighted, eh ! where do you
wish to go ? ”

It was a woman, judging from
the dress,

But, from the voice, 'twould
have been hard to guess ;

For, such a voice, so husky,
strange and wierd,

That answered me, old Nick,
himself, I feared

Was playing witch-craft through
a risen soul.

She gained the seat. Again the
wheels did roll.

She told me that her home was
five miles hence,

But after that she showed in-
difference

Towards anything, I said, or
chose to ask,

Or what I told about my daily
task.

In such short sentences she
answered me,

As if each word of hers was
worth my three.

A long, deep silence fell ; nought
could we hear,

But drizzling rain into the pud-
dles near—

One of those silences where lies
a scent

Of some impending mischief,
discontent.

The post at Binnington was far
away—

A good eight miles, or more, I'd
safely say.

The keen suspense began to
work on me ;

I glanced aside to see what she
could see ;

Beneath a black veil gleamed
two fiery eyes ;

A cold sweat on my face began
to rise.

I took all in ; now firmly I
believed,

That, through my good turn, I
had been deceived.

That face was coarse and not a
woman's face,

Or else a man had stolen in her
place.

Quick as a flash, the fact oc-
curred to me,

It was a robber bent on robbery.

No doubt, he had been loitering
all day,

And knew that I'd be sure to
pass that way

With generous purse, and at a
nightly hour,

Without a pistol, and within his
power.

I knew I had scant time to med-
itate ;

Unless right quick to act
'twould be to late.

So, clumsily, my whip I chanced
to drop ;

I feigned an oath—hauled in as
quick as pop.

I knew the whip would be some
yards behind,

And asked my guest if she
would be so kind

As get it—that my horse would
surely bound,

If but he knew my hand was
not around.

Quite unsuspicous he took in
my bait,

By stepping down, a “likely can-
didate.”

I waited till he reached the
whip and stopped,

Then to my grey a word I
softly dropped.

He knew too well what that
light signal meant ;

Besides, he, too, already smelt
the scent

Of something wrong ; for, I had
never yet

Reined in at that strange spot,
nor even let

His steady pace but slacken on
the road,

Unless I had to purchase or
unload.

Away ! The mocking rattling
of the wheels

Too well told madam how a
hunter feels

When he is baffled by the hunted
game,

And, unsuccessful, has to meet
his dame.

Away ! I knew not, neither
could I see ;
But Blenholm knew ; that was
enough for me ;
And hardly was an hour three-
quarters done,
When I could see the light at
Binnington.
On, on we dashed—the goal was
now in sight ;
And, rumbling on, right well it
did invite ;
Until, at last, the hostelry we
gained,
Where I and Blenholm all that
night remained.”

INTERIM III.

Anson's Second Tale.

Ned Chelcy's tale with honors
was received ;

And, doubtless, was by all of
them believed ;

And Anson thought it safe to
venture forth

With something he experienced
in the North.

Anson.—Ned's story has recalled
another tale,

Of how I once went through
an autumn gale.

Erich.—Was this another time
you went to fish,
When wondrous things were
wrought to suit your wish?

Anson (with a side glance).—
No, no, this is no fish-tale,
though quite strange,
Nor did my mind, or any
man's arrange.
I was no older then than Ned
is now ;
And, this day I had gone to
sell a cow
To some old widow up the
river road ;
I also took with me a heavy load
Of turnips and potatoes for
her use,
Together with some eggs to
set a goose.

'Twas evening ere I turned
my horse's head
For home, and, I can tell you,
fast he sped ;
Yet, not a half-way had we
gained before
The heavy clouds persuaded
rain to pour.
Loud burst the thunder, like
a mighty drum,
That almost deafened ear and
struck me dumb ;
But, bad as this was, with its
peals that rolled,
The lightning was still worse,
a hundred fold.
Like many golden chains it
streaked the sky,
And, I knew well, 'twas get-
ting quite near by.

On dashed my horse, o'er
stone and into loam,
As eager as myself to gain
my home.
Another peal of thunder shook
the air ;
Another streak of lightning
shot its flare ;
But, this time it meant harm
to something sure,
And I felt not that I was well
secure.
Then, of a sudden, when it
flashed again,
Some hard thing in my coat
could not restrain
From flopping like a sparrow
in a hat.
You'll not believe me when I
tell you that

It was my jack-knife that the
lightning struck ;
And, for a time, I couldn't
find the pluck
To get me rid of that steel
knife of mine,
Like some wee imp, possessed
with bad design.
But, as it still kept on inces-
santly,
A bright thought introduced
itself to me.
I knew the cloth would save
me should it stay ;
But, yet, I'd rather throw the
thing away.
So, opening my pocket good
and wide,
Into the road I let it quickly
slide.

And then, the lightning left
the plagued knife,
And caught onto my tire and
clung for life ;
And, all the way, that brilliant
wheel of light
Did brighten up the darkness
of the night,
Till, finally, I pulled up at
the farm,
Well pleased I had escaped
from any harm.

Saunders.—Here, Uncle, you
had better have some wine ;
Your strange, hair-standing
tale was simply fine.
All drank again, and talked a
little while
Of many things, and Jake again
did pile
Some logs to give new life unto
the fire,
And poked it up to suit his own
desire.
They had some singing and some
arguments,
But quickly settled every dif-
ference ;
And after some had filled their
pipes anew,
They all sat waiting for a treat
in view.

It was a story Erich had prepared
In his own rhyme, which was,
 by all, declared,
According to the title, quite the
 thing
To narrate to a village gathering.

THE VETERAN FARMER.

A tale of a lost love in the land of the
Canadas.

"In a small and scattered village at
the east of old Mount Royal,

A small, ivy-covered home may still
be seen ;

Where a ragged path wound from the
stream for men of honest toil,

To the sheep-fold and the pasture
o'er the green.

Day had sallied, in September, sweet
and mellow with the hay,
And a crimson sun had sunk low in
the sky,
When anon a weary toiler, with his
simple evening lay,
Slowly marked his homeward pass-
age through the rye.

One more day's hard work was over,
for the swallows were at rest,
And the rooks' "good-night!" was
heard high in the air,
To a croaking frog, coqueting with a
cricket in its nest,
And the scudding shadow of a
hedge-hog there.

Oh ! how glad they made the farmer,
those sweet minstrels of the
night ;

How they made his age seem
younger for the time ;

How he listened to the chorus—to the
strain of their delight,

That recalled so many pleasures of
his prime !

For he was a veteran farmer ; long
had he been in the field ;

Many a day had seen him furrowing
the ground,

Till its slumber it had broken, heav-
ing forth a mighty yield,

Casting rich and goodly harvest all
around.

* * * * *

Forty years back had he come there,
in the spring-time, young and
gay,

When so sweetly blew the austral
breezes in;

And he met a little damsal not so very
far away,

Who stole all his heart and whom
he wished to win.

In the morning, while at ploughing,
once he watched her graceful
trip

In the distant meadow on her
father's farm,

Where she came to watch the lambs
feed, with a smile upon her lip,

And a little hickory basket on her
arm.

And, at noon-day, once he tarried with
his shouldered fork and rake,
Just to watch her give the "bossy"
cows their salt,
When she pushed some "mooly" gent-
ly by, that boldly tried to take
Her own pet jersey's meal that she
had brought.

* * * * *

One year later just at even, walked
two lovers down the lane,
Each one dreaming, each one finding
nought to say,
As they heard the old St. Lawrence
playing its sweet pebble strain
To the night hawk, and a distant
horse's neigh.

Sweet and bashful was the maiden,
hardly in her sixteenth year,
With a simple faith that thought all
souls were true,
And her voice was strong with courage,
for her nature was sincere,
And the art of coquetry she never
knew.

That was why the farmer loved that
little jewel he had found,
For he knew the world, its vanities'
decay,
And he thought it all a blessing that
her presence reigned around,
Giving light to worldly shadows of
the day.

O, how often, through that summer
on the log fence they had sat,

Glad enough when all their daily
work was o'er ;

Where no one could hear their gossip,
to each other they could chat

Over happy hours enjoyed in days
before.

And old speedy time would hasten to
its destiny afar,

While their hearts gave vent to love
that never died ;

And the arrow shot by Cupid, glancing
slightly Venus star,

Kissed the mighty bond that love
for love had tied.

All the world seemed full of blessings,
saddened hours could never be ;
To their minds it seemed that no ill
could befall ;
But there was a cloud arising where
their eyes could never see,
Whispering that “ trouble is the lot
of all.”

Autumn came with chilling evens;
winds re-echoed through the
eves ;
Damp became the ground ; unwel-
come came the frost ;
Melancholy looked the maple, robbed
of all her yellow leaves,
Wailing, “ One more summer-time
is gone and lost.”

'Twas upon one autumn even when a
maiden tripped along,

With a home-made shawl thrown
lightly o'er her head ;

With her eyes turned towards her
lover's home, she sang her
sweetest song

To the murmurs of the river eastward
led.

But the wind knew nought of pity for
the charge within its care,

For it had too often nipped the
autumn flower,

Chased away the high-crowned blue-
jay, left the meadows brown and
bare,

And robbed all the morning-glories
from the bower.

Night passed ; morning, noon and
evening followed on into the
week,

When the breath of Heaven whis-
pered “ ‘Tis thy time;”

All the summer roses faded from an
uncomplaining cheek ;

And a soul reposes in a Land sublime.

* * * * *

Down the old lane, sadly, lonely,
walked the lover slowly by ;

For a heavy-laden heart encumbered
him :

Something pressed upon his spirit,
causing him to heave a sigh,

As he watched her cottage in the
twilight dim.

Then he heard some voices rising to
the Kingdom far away,
Singing, "Take this soul to pastures
that are thine,
Where the bugles blow so loudly at
the breaking of the day,
With the golden harps resounding
through the vine."

Dropped upon his knees the lover,
with his hat within his hand ;
With a drawn despairing face he
stared the ground,
Thinking of his bitter future, thinking
of the other Land,
Which, he knew, his fair companion's
soul had found.

Then his large eyes opened widely ;
his Creator did he face,
And his good unselfish heart was
reconciled ;
And, still looking towards the heavens
and the large expanse of space,
This was all he said unto the fairy
child.

“ Sleep, fair one—I’ll not disturb
thee—sleep till sounds the bugle
loud,
That will call me to rejoin thee bye-
and-bye,
When my work on earth is over, and
my head at last is bowed,
When the thorns along my path
have gone for aye.

* * * * *

Forty winters, forty summers, forty
wrinkles on his brow,

Forty years of melancholy dimmed
his sight ;

Now he was a veteran farmer, trudging
on, old, bent and slow,

Through his field of rye this gentle
autumn night.

He had dwelt alone those many years,
companions wished he none ;

He preferred to face his weary life
alone :

He had lost what he had wished to
have when life had just begun,

And had gained nought that he
could call his own.

Though he had the greatest harvest
that was ever wont to grow,

It was but a pleasure that would pass
away,

With the promise of more labor, and
full many seeds to sow

For the next year's crop, when
spring would bring the day.

But his days were nearly over ; year
by year he'd counted time,

As he'd watched each sun sink down
behind the hill ;

And he wished, that, on the morrow
he could reach the other Clime,

Where a throbbing heart is calmed
and mind is still.

* * * * *

Over in the little churchyard, just
beneath a shady tree,

Where the warblers' sweet music
floats abroad,

Lies at rest the veteran farmer, free
from life's monotony,

And his soul is in the Paradise
of God.

INTERIM IV.

Baby—Anson's Third Tale.

All eyes looked down when
Erich ceased to speak,
Each noticing a tear upon his
cheek,
The tremble of his voice, and
other signs
That showed his heart and soul
were in his lines.
And quietly they sat, without a
word,
No doubt, each thinking of
what he had heard,

When, from the stairway, sounded sweet and low,
A mother's voice that set their hearts aglow ;
As, with her lullaby, she lulled to sleep
The babe she fondled in her loving keep.
Then, once again, the wraith of silence came,
And turned their faces towards the maple's flame.
Long minutes passed ; the old clock ticked away,
And no one seemed to know just what to say.
Old Stelburn touched Ned Chelcy on the arm,
And asked him what had Erich found to charm.

All eyes around were turned on
Erich now,
Who sat with pleasure dancing
on his brow,
Quite evidently to all others
blind,
For this is what was running
through his mind :

BABY.

" Cuddled on a mother's breast,
Deep in sleep and peaceful rest,
In a safe and loving care—
Nought can ever harm it there,
This is where the baby lives.

This is where the baby lives—
Where the breath of Heaven
gives
Innocence and purity,
Mind of curiosity,
And a little smile of love
To the stars that shine above,

While they whisper in its ear,
“There is room for baby here ;
Only come and play with us
As the wind of Heaven does ;
We will give thee half the lune
For that little prattle tune.”
Where the silver moon is large,
Cradled on the heavens’ marge ;
This is where the baby lives.

This is where the baby dwells—
In the land of fairy-bells,
Where the goblins grin and lurch,
Straddled on a fairy perch,
Dressed in blue, and red, and
green,
(Finer sight was never seen)

Where the fairy maidens come,
When the goblins beat the drum,
Pumpkin, hollow, yellow, bright,
Calling to the dance of night,
To the ring of fairy bells ;

This is where the baby
dwells.

This is where the baby dwells
When the day has sung its
knells—
Back to mother's loving breast
For another night of rest,
Back to Dreamland's solid bliss,
Where the angels come to kiss,
Tripping down the golden stair,
Seemingly from everywhere ;

Rosy cheeks and lips as sweet,
Nimble dancers, wings as fleet,
Fairer hair could never be,
Eyes of gladdest brilliancy,
Voices of the skylarks' hearts,
Chorusing a thousand parts,
Hushing all the lily-bells,
In the land where baby dwells.”

Stelburn.—Hey ! Erich, wake
you up ; we're waiting here
To get the best attention of
your ear :

Our good, kind uncle has an-
other “ string ”
To tell us of a curious hap-
pening.

Myself.—Ah ! Stelburn, if you
could have known the pang
You caused by uttering that rude
harangue,
To wake up Erich from his
blissful dream,
To hear old Anson “ letting off
his steam ! ”
But, since the deed is done,
nought can I do,
But bear with Erich, there, and
hearken too.

Anson.—'Twas thirty years ago
—one summer's day,
I drove from Brail (about ten
miles away)
A load, I'd say, of fifty logs,
or more,
That I had felled for Birks to
build his store.
O, a fine, fine team I had, you'll
all agree,
To haul that load with such
agility.
Well—very slowly was our
progress made,
By several break-downs on the
road delayed ;
But just before the hour of one
drew nigh,
The old red bridge caught
sight of my supply ;

And if it could have spoken, I
presume,
It would have said, "To cross
will be your doom."
I then hauled in — stepped
down to ascertain
Its strength and wear, and just
about the strain
'Twould safely stand, put at
its greatest test ;
It was too weak I should have
surely guessed.
Now, what was I to do ? for,
there I stood,
Not knowing how to cross
that rotten wood ;
But Providence did always
give ideas
To me, just in the time of need,
as free as

That inspiration comes to
Herz's mind,
Who writes his lines and
changes with the wind.
Accordingly, right down the
bank I went
Into the river swift, and con-
fident
That I could hold the bridge
sufficiently
Upon my shoulder, till my
load was free
And safely landed on the other
side ;
This, I knew, could be worked
if but 'twere tried.
So, wading to the centre of the
stream,
I put my shoulder 'neath the
middle beam ;

Then cried, "Get up!" to both
my horses there,

That soon obeyed by moving
on with care.

They reached a quarter-way—
the bridge it sank ;

I wished that I had staid upon
the bank.

A half-way gained, and further
did it sink ;

What next would happen I
could only think.

Three-quarters gained ; I
breathed more freely now,

And pressed as hard as muscle
would allow,

Until at last my team did cross
and stop,

And waited for their human
underprop.

And now, what think you ?
When I tried to wade,
I found that I had sunk to
shoulder-blade—
Almost—in mud, and ere I
could get free,
I had to struggle with dex-
terity.

Saunders.—But, Anson, under-
neath that bridge I've been,
And never yet a speck of mud
have seen—
In fact, 'tis all flat rock, as
smooth as glass ;
That spot's just where I used
to fish for bass.

Anson.—Well, well, so I'll ad-
mit, but you must know
Things change ; this happened
thirty years ago,

When all was mud as far as
Elfin Glen ;

The stream has washed it all
away since then.

And now, Ben Stelburn, let us
hear your tongue

At some good tale that hasn't
yet been "strung."

THE "HERMIT"

"It was in Elfin Glen, where
hunters go
To lay their traps and hunt the
fox and roe.
I was quite young—no more than
twenty-two,
And there I lived and all the
people knew ;
And there lived two men that I'll
not forget—
The worst two men, I think, I've
ever met—

Two brothers, Ben and John
Churl, known by all
As surly men, whose* natures
were to crawl
Like adders in the stillness of
the night,
With venomous deeds and animal
appetite.
Back in the woods, just on a
clearing there,
A little hut stood, built quite
low and square ;
'Twas never known by folks, on
any side,
That it had ever yet been occu-
pied,
Except by hunters who would
pass that way,
And use it for a sort of place to
lay

Their guns and ammunition, or
their traps,

Or even stop a night or two,
perhaps.

'Twas in October I was passing
by,

When something there unusual
caught my eye ;

The hut had been repaired,
without a doubt,

And from the chimney smoke
was coming out.

I stepped up to the door and
gave a rap,

To make acquaintance with the
unknown chap.

The door soon opened, and before
me stood

A man, appearing as a hunter
would,

Dressed in the plain coarse cloth-
ing hunters wear,
Quite elderly, with stature very
fair,
Of fine face and a courteous
manner, though—
Unlike the manners common
people know.
'Tis needless to take time to em-
phasize,
With more impressive language,
my surprise
On facing one of such genteel
demean,
So very seldom in that country
seen.
Abashed at my intrusion, with a
choke
To stammer out my errand, then
I spoke,

And told him that I'd noticed
the abode
Had been repaired, and its
appearance showed
Good signs of occupation, to my
view,
And to my mind seemed likely to e/
be true,
That some by-passing hunter was
inside,
And for his good acquaintance
had applied.
I offered my heart-felt apology,
Which he repaid by smiling
down at me
With such a glowing smile that
all seemed well,
Then bid me enter for a little
spell.

'There everything was cosy as
could be,

The kettle singing out the time
for tea.

He laid his table, poured a horn
of wine,

Hospitably inviting me to join,

He talked about the hunting
quietly,

And all about the game around,
but he

Avoided saying aught to me
about

Himself, and who he was I've
ne'er found out.

Then shortly afterwards I left
the hut,

With my good-night, and heard
the door swing shut.

And after that, whenever passing
me,
He always recognized me cour-
teously ;
And so with all the settlers
everywhere
Who well respected his com-
manding air.
He seemed to have good luck in
hunting game,
And in his trapping seemed his
luck the same ;
And many times fur traders,
passing through,
Bought quantities of furs from
him, 'twas true ;
And rumor, floated by some elf
or witch,
Said he, undoubtedly, was get-
ting rich.

One early morn I heard a rifle
shot,
And followed by another on a
spot
Hard by the "hermit's" hut,
and I thought sure,
That he was bagging game right
at his door.
I didn't mind a quick run
through the wood,
And wished to see his plunder, if
I could.
I gained the clearing in a little
time ;
Great Heavens ! What was it ?
a dreadful crime ;
There lay the "hermit," dead,
upon the ground,
And Ben Churl just near by I
also found.

Both had been shot ; John
Churl was standing there,
With shouldered rifle and a
sullen stare.

I felt the chill of murder in my
veins,

When gazing at the deepest
dyeing stains

That do not only stamp a
victim's end,

But stripe the fiend's heart, and
God offend.

Heart-sick I quick returned¹ to
tell the news

Of what I'd seen, along with my
own views.

A number hurried to the scene of
death,

With growing awe and many a
sighing breath,

To give rude burial with
reverence,
And learn the meaning of the
grave offence.
Churl's tale was well "fixed up,"
you may depend ;
He said he'd shot the "hermit"
to defend
Himself, and that the "hermit"
had killed Ben,
While they were passing by the
"miser's den."
But this the settlers never could
believe,
So well they knew Churl's nature
to deceive ;
But, yet, they could do nought—
no court had they,
The nearest Justice being miles
away.

A few weeks after John Churl
left the place
For some small ville where no
one knew his face,
Blamed and disgraced, and to
Mephisto sold,
In his vain attempt to find the
“hermit’s” gold.

* * * *

’Twas some years after, business
took me forth
To a small and out-o'-way place
further north.
I put up at a humble hostelry,
Where I was treated very civilly.

'Twas in the spring, and fires
 were burning still
On every hearth, nights keeping
 damp and chill.
One night while settlers sat before
 the glow,
I heard them speak in conversa-
 tion low,
That did unveil the "hermit's"
 mystery ;
As one man said, "It was like
 this, ye see.
It 'pears that this John Churl
 some years ago
Left Elfin Glen an' hopped in
 here, ye know,
To do the nasty work 'e'd done
 for years,
To gain for 'im the blackest of
 careers.

He brought with 'im a wife that
proved a chouse,
An' furnished up that little old
log house
That stands away up yonder on
the hill,
Where everything looks peace-
able an' still.
Wa-al, some time after Pete, the
pedlar, come
To sell 'is goods an' make 'is
yearly sum ;
An' jest afore 'is stock 'ad all
been sold,
He disappeared ; a passin' farmer
told
Us all 'e'd seen 'im but a few
days past,
An' that 'e'd stopped at John
Churl's dwellin' last.

This caused suspicion 'mong the
villagers,

Who soon contrived to trap 'is
murderers.

The village women formed a
quiltin' bee,

An' got the stiffest wine they
could, ye see,

An' they invited Mrs. Churl
around

To drink right freely and 'er wits
confound.

She come ; they quickly finished
with the task ;

Then all drank health an' some
began to ask

Each other questions. as to w'at
she'd do,

If 'er own husband's guilt of
crime she knew.

Most said, "I'd tell on 'im,"
an' some said nought,
An' after wile, without the
least forethought,
Fired with the wine, did Mrs.
Churl reply,
That 'er own husband caused a
man to die,
An' that 'e'd killed the pedlar,
some time missed,
Who fought for life, but did in
vain resist.
Enough was said an' soon the
"bee" was o'er,
And home she went an' met
Churl at the door.
Suspicious, he, that somethin'
'ad gone wrong,
He asked 'er w'at kept 'er way
so long,

And if she'd let out any secrets
there.

She pled for mercy ; he began to
swear ;

An' grabbed the axe an' hit 'er
on the head,

An' down she fell, 'is victim, an'
was dead.

This ended John Churl's crimes
forevermore,

For men of all around went by
the score,

An' took 'im to a town without
delay,

W'ere law is king an' justice 'as
its sway,

W'ere 'e confessed 'is life o'
butchery.

He'd killed just six afore dis-
covery ;

Two down in Elfin Glen, one in
Maw-Yew,
An' three up 'ere, 'is wife, an'
pedlars two.
An' e' was hanged," so there you
have the end
Of a man who led a life too bad to
mend."

INTERIM V.

Anson Sings.

“ Those days of youth
And boyish truth,
When all was bright and gay ;
When mother’s care
Was everywhere ;
Why did they pass away ?

Those apple-trees,
And bumble-bees,
That robin's roundelay,
That oriole
That boldly stole
My heart, O, where are thy ?

O, where are those
Long ragged rows,
Where hidden berries lay ?
That I would strip
And stain my lip ;
Have they all passed away ?

I still can see
An apple-tree,
And on a summer's day,

A robin sings
Me warblings
Whene'er I pass that way.

I eat my fill
Of berries still,
I scent the breath of hay ;
The oriole
Sings, heart and soul,
In each sweet month of May.

But, one and all,
I cannot call
The same as used to be ;
For time does change,
And they are strange,
And have no charms for me.

I'll see no more
Those things of yore
That sped my youthful day ;
For years have rolled,
And I am old,
And all have passed away."

Erich —Ah ! father Anson, sing
it but again ;
'Twas so much like the songs
of ancient men,
That used to strike inspiring
harps at night,
And sing within their camps
of armoured might,
Those strains that told of
younger warrior days,
When all was bright and hope-
ful to their gaze.
Of those sweet days the old
bard Rodrich sang,
The big brass bell of Frankfort
loudly rang,
The bards of Treves breathed
many a lingering note
That now lies buried in their
haunts remote.

Yea, sing again ; it has re-newed the fire

My spirit once did kindle with
the lyre,

In some forefather centuries
ago ;

Yea, sing till all our hearts do
overflow

With keen enthusiasm and
delight,

Till all our voices shall at last
unite.

The good old man sang many
times his song,

In aged accents, deep, and low,
and long,

Till all around had learned and
sung the piece,

And weariness persuaded them
to cease.

Low burnt at last the sleepy-
growing fire,

Reminding of the hour to retire ;
The candles impolitely blazed
but low.

(A gentle hint that it was time
to go.)

Now, in a sort of melancholy
strait,

Young Erich dro~~s~~sily does med-
itate—

All lost in thought—no one can
think for why ;

See how that moisture fills his
large blue eye.

" Ah ! me," he sighs, " all
gone those happy days,

That precious little soul, her
pretty ways,

w/

Like unto some sweet fairy—
wiser still—
And pretty as the little daffodil.
Ah ! Florence, wert thou saint
or seraph born,
That used to teach me on a
summer morn.”

Saunders.—Stay, Erich, what
strange sayings utter you ;
Why say you “ Florence ; ”
whence bid she adieu ?
Why say you “ daffodil,” and
“ precious soul,”
And “ seraph,” “ saint,” and
“ fairy ” ; why so droll ?

Erich.—My sister was the bur-
den of my thought,
And for her little soul my
spirit sought.

When in that hearth of dying
embers there,
I chance to look, it fills my
mind with care,
For it brings back a cold
November day,
When her sweet spirit flew
from me away.

Anson.—Pray, tell about this
“seraph” and her mind ;
She truly was a jewel hard to
find.

FLORENCE.

I.

"A flower, extremely sweet, the
lily queen
But from what heaven? We
knew not whence it came;
For, when a bud, she knew of
wiser things
Than older people of the village
farms;
And, when a bud, she spoke
with highest mind;
Unearthly voices charged her
little soul,

And told her stories that had
ne'er been told,
Except to angels passing in the
night.
Her eyes were blue, and calm,
and deep with thought,
And pure her countenance as
lily fair ; a/
Unknown she was to other
children's pranks—
Her little hand touched nought
but benefit
To some sad little buds more
rude than she.
Her tongue sang nought but love
and holy thoughts,
And, like the petal of a modest
rose,
Revived old age and kindled
some small spark

That smouldered deep into an
aching heart.

Her hair—yes it was gold but
richer still,

And far more precious were its
charms to me ;

And, often 'twixt the glowing
and the shade,

When she had wandered o'er
the little hil!

To take her seat between the
churchyard mounds,

An eye would see that little
shining head,

And think that golden-rod was
growing there.

II.

The church-bell rings. She opes
her eyes and ears,
And wonders if 'tis calling those
to prayer
Who dwell within the " City of
the Dead."
She looks around, but not a
lingering soul
Nor sound does tell to her of
presence there.
And then she says, " There
must be some mistake,
Or, surely they are Quakers,
and their songs
Of praise and prayer in silence
give to God."

III.

Such pretty speeches oft she
spoke to me

When we were seated 'neath
the apple tree,

Before the heat of noon, with
languid gaze,

Had looked upon us with its
sleepy eye.

How often she would pluck a
dandelion,

That, old and grey, had nearly
past away,

And ask me how it ever came
to be ;

And once she ask me, with a
solemn face,

If such, so fair, possessed a little
 soul ;

“ For see ! ” she said, “ They
 once were young and bright;

They now have donned their
 little shrouds of grey ;

Their earthly lives they now
 prepare to leave,

When they will scatter lessons,
 pure and good,

For next year’s babes to follow
 through their lives ;

They need no houses, for their
 faith in God

Preserves them ‘neath the
 heavens’ canopy ;

And selfishness they never yet
 have known ;

We tread, and pluck, and still
 they beam on us,

As if to say, "'Tis for the sake
of you
That we are here, and if it
pleases Him,
Murmur we'll not, but will in
patience wait
Until our sun has set behind the
hill,
Until our feebleness has taken
wing,
And flown beyond the ocean of
the King.' ''

IV.

So spake she, thus she thought
of many things
All through each happy day
until the night,
Till passed the childhood of this
little bud,
Before the longer days had
stolen in ;
Then tenderness and sadness
took their place,
Mingled with hope, caressed
with modesty,
A plaintive glance upon the
outer world,
An eye of simple faith towards
the sky.

The hand that once would fold
the pansy's wing,
And feed the birds that wel-
comed her at morn,
Now guided brush and paint on
canvas rude,
To shade the pictures of her
dreamy past.
The heart that once embraced
the nature world,
Now slumbered in the bosom of
the Church.
All worldly fancies (if had ever
been)
Had flown away and let the
Spirit in.
Forsooth, she lived not to this
earth confined,
Her "shell" was here, the
precious "pearl" was not;

And on a damp and chill November day,
The "shell" was slowly sunk,
and washed away.

V.

But, still I see her, e'en as much
as then,
A living light, appealing to the
mind,
That fills the vacant chair as
some benign
And watchful angel of my narrow
path.
It seems to tell me what none
others tell,
And comfort me when worldly
shades befall

And strew along my path a day
of night
That covers all that's pleasing
to the sight ;
And teach me how to smile
when troubles come
To decorate my happy little
home.
' For,' sayeth it, ' I'm with your
happiness ;
And also share your glass of
bitter wine ;
So, cast thy sorrows to the pass-
ing day,
And laugh, as never laughed,
your cares away,
And sleep to-night a slumber,
peaceful deep,
For I am by thy side, and
watchful keep.' "

CHAPTER VI.

Anson's Farewell Speech— “Good-morning All”

The last glass now was passed,
and all arose

To drink good health to
Saunders at the close,

And Anson uttered on behalf of
all,

Some words of gratitude, that
one might call

A sort of speech unto the goodly
host,

But, like a benediction seeming
most.

Anson.—Jake Saunders of Gahn-
obway village inn,

Well pleased were we to
gather, kith and kin,

Beneath this roof of hospi-
tality—

Accept this toast from all our
friends and me.

Time speeds along ; in time all
old will be,

But age can ne'er destroy the
memory

Of this, our meeting in this
cosy room,

Where all is free from trouble
and from gloom.

This sacred draught denotes
a bond that's strong,

And cannot break ~~be~~time
however long.

21

And by this draught we wish
prosperity,

Long life and happiness in
store for thee ;

And, more than this, an ever-
lasting life,

Free from old mother earth's
turmoil and strife.

Drink boys, drink now, and
then we'll say 'good-night;'

The morning soon will give to
us its light—

No, no, 'good-morning' is
the word to say,

What was I thinking of—'twill
soon be day.

Good-morning, Jake ; good-
morning Erich Herz—

In time you will be master of
the arts—

Good-morning, Stelburn; give
my love to Jane ;

Good-morning Chelcy—(just
hand me my cane)

And, Conley, you must call to
see the folks,

Before returning to the forest
oaks.

Good-morning, all ; I hope it
won't be long

Before we'll meet again for
tales and song.

And so the night had passed
and morning come

To chase away those men, so
humorsome,

In old Gahnobway where Bill
Conley staid

While tempest voiced the win-
ter's serenade.

FINIS.

Additional Rhymes

FOUND IN THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET

A WINTER'S NIGHT.....	PAGE 155
A DEDICATION.....	" 159

VOICES OF A SUMMER PAST, by Erich Herz

THE HEART-THIEVES	PAGE 167
LAND OF FLOWERS.....	" 170
SCHOOL IS O'ER.....	" 173
THE LAKELET.....	" 176

**Found in the
Waste-Paper
Basket ✎ ✎ ✎ ✎**

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Dedicated to my Chums.

When daily cares have sped
away, and winter breezes blow,
I like to "fly my homeward kite"
to reach my room, you know ;
Then close the door and pat the
coils to welcome in the heat,
And place a cosy chair to give
my old-time chum a seat.

I like to talk to him about the
times of long ago,
The many games we used to
play, the tricks we used to
know,
The little bridge above the dam,
the river swift and low,
Where all the boys would come
around to spend an hour or so.

I like to see him smoke his pipe
with pleasure in his eye,
And hear him tell about his
romps in summer's drifted by,

When he was but a thoughtless
boy, a-living in a town

Where folks were young at sixty
and would cast no glances
down

On every honest boist'rous boy
who liked to jump and bound,
And take full pleasure out of
life when pleasure could be
found.

O, happy it does make my heart
to hear him laugh again,
With that assuring ring that tells
of boyhood's happy reign ;

And after he has sung the songs
I've heard him sing before,
I like to see him fill his pipe
before he leaves the door ;
And shake his good, hard-work-
ing hand, that plants a rough
adieu,
An earnest hope to meet again
for one more interview.

A DEDICATION.

To Jean Eugène Marsouin, with
best wishes for his success
as a poète Canadien-
Français.

My dear old boy, you speak of
love, hope, tenderness and
passion,
Away from artful voices of
society and fashion ;

You understand the stalwart
heart ; you know who brings
you sorrow ;

And who'll present his face to-
day, and show his back to-
morrow.

We've walked along the crowded
streets and through the hills
together ;

We've heard the song old na-
ture sings in June and August
weather ;

And, like two lovers, on we go
and share each other's sor-
row ;

We "shake" the heart's good
will to-day, and meet again
to-morrow.

No pretty creeds estrange our
hearts ; we are each other's
brother ;

Our minds dwell on those
thoughts that are akin to one
another.

Then let us "shake" again, old
boy, in happiness or sorrow,
And smile at woes that come to-
day ; they'll steal away to-
morrow.





**Voices of a
Summer Past**

By ERICH HERZ



THE HEART-THIEVES.

Sing on, ye sweet voiced warblers
That ope my eyes at early
hour,
And tell me of the happiness
That dwelleth in that shady
bower.

Sing on, ye birds of sweet
content;

Ye know no trouble, no, not
one,

To steal away thy talents sent,
And leave thy little hearts
alone.

Sing on, ye little thieves, sing
on;

Ye've stolen all my heart away,
And leave me none to cast upon
My many duties of the day.

Sing on, my truest little friends
That pay me back my heart
with praise ;
Sing on till even's shade des-
cends
And sows its seed for other
days.

LAND OF FLOWERS.

Land of flowers,
Sweetest bowers,
Nature's gaudy home ;
Lily-bell
Ring thy knell
In thy slender dome.

Short is time
In thy clime,
 To the soul of love ;
With thine eyes
On the skies
 Tinted far above.

Golden tips
Are thy lips,
 When they drink the dew,
Lightly born
In the morn,
 Giving brighter hue.

Through the day,
All the way
 Float thy streamers green ;
Sunny rays,
As the haze,
 Gather o'er the scene.

May the skies
Close thine eyes
 In the wintry air ;
Peaceful sleep,
Pure and deep,
 Is my solemn prayer.

SCHOOL IS O'ER.

Slipper, slapper, down the street,
Sound the little urchins' feet ;
Tedious day of study spent,
Over slate and reader bent ;
School is o'er, and hearts are
gay—
Banished are the cares of day.

Towards the field they mark
their course,
'Mid their shouts extreme and
hoarse ;
See ! their bats and baseball
there,
Sharing in their lack of care ;
Wantonness and folly stored
In their souls—full pleasure
poured.

Play away while limb is young,
Till your song of youth is sung;

Sunshine soon will fade away ;
Grasp it while it shines to-day ;
School is o'er, and blank is day
To the head that's turning grey.

THE LAKELET.

Quiet and still ; no ripple nor a
sigh ;

At peace with all that 'neath
the waters lie ;

At peace with God above.

Lo ! shadows come, dim, lazy-
winged and grey,

With tidings of the dying of the
day,

Embracing it with love.

And, quiet still, the night des-
cends apace,
And, ling'ring round, usurps the
shadow's place
To kiss the lakelet there ;
The dew-drops dip to mingle
with her own ;
Though lip to lip, the night doth
breath alone ;
Till morning stirs the air.











